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Cailey
**STILL SEXY
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SULTRY

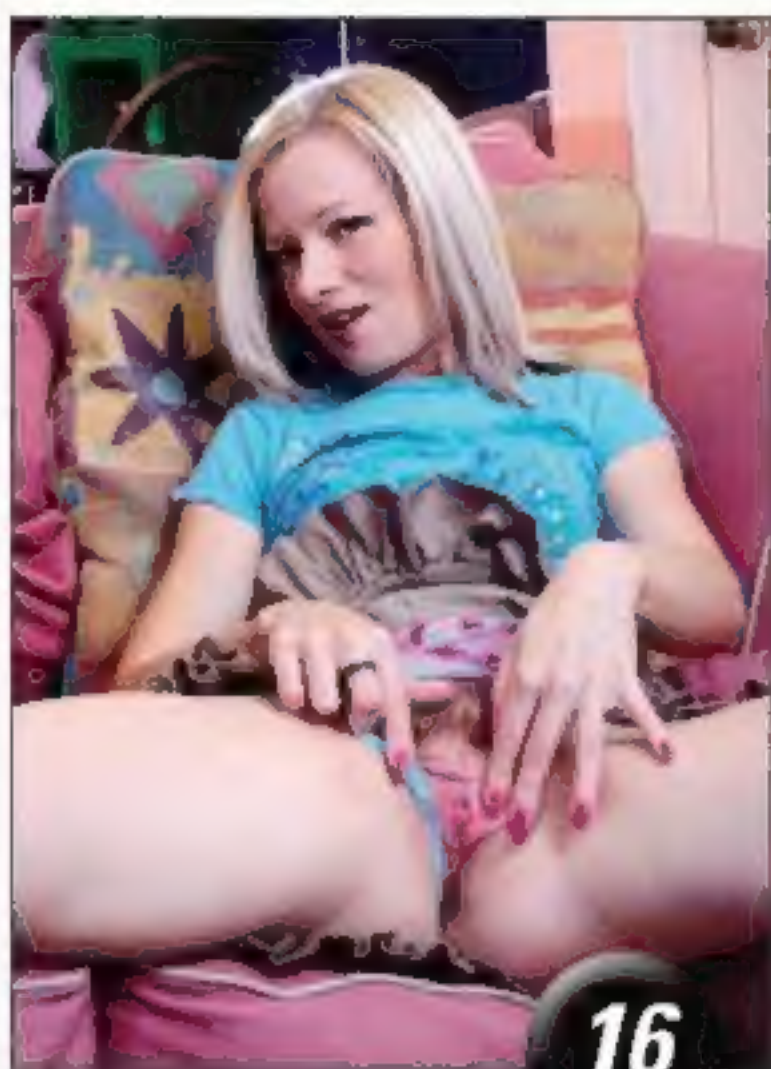
AMANDA
**A NEW BREED
OF COUGAR**

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Amanda Blow

Ladies Come First

Amanda still has it. She'd always had the type of magnetism, where she'd walk into a room and people would stop mid-sentence and stare. She had that certain je ne sais quoi - that fusion of aggression and eroticism, which is hard for a woman to pull off. Amanda did pull it off though, and pulled it off well. The progression of years hasn't diminished her attractiveness or drive; if anything, she feels more confident than ever, because, at her age, she has nothing to lose.



Back when she was 20, she was screwing 50 year-olds. Now that she's 50, she has the luxury of swinging things in the opposite direction and screwing 20 year-olds.





With the number of pricks that have slid into her holes, Amanda doesn't waste time on preliminaries. This is a multi-orgasmic woman, who wants to be sure she keeps her man good and hard , until just the right moment.










She was more concerned with
the age of many years giving
her a feeling inside a woman
than the feeling of a breast.





Though she preferred to be mostly dominant, if she really liked the guy, and if he knew what he was doing, she'd let him take charge for a while - though, internally, she was still the one in charge.

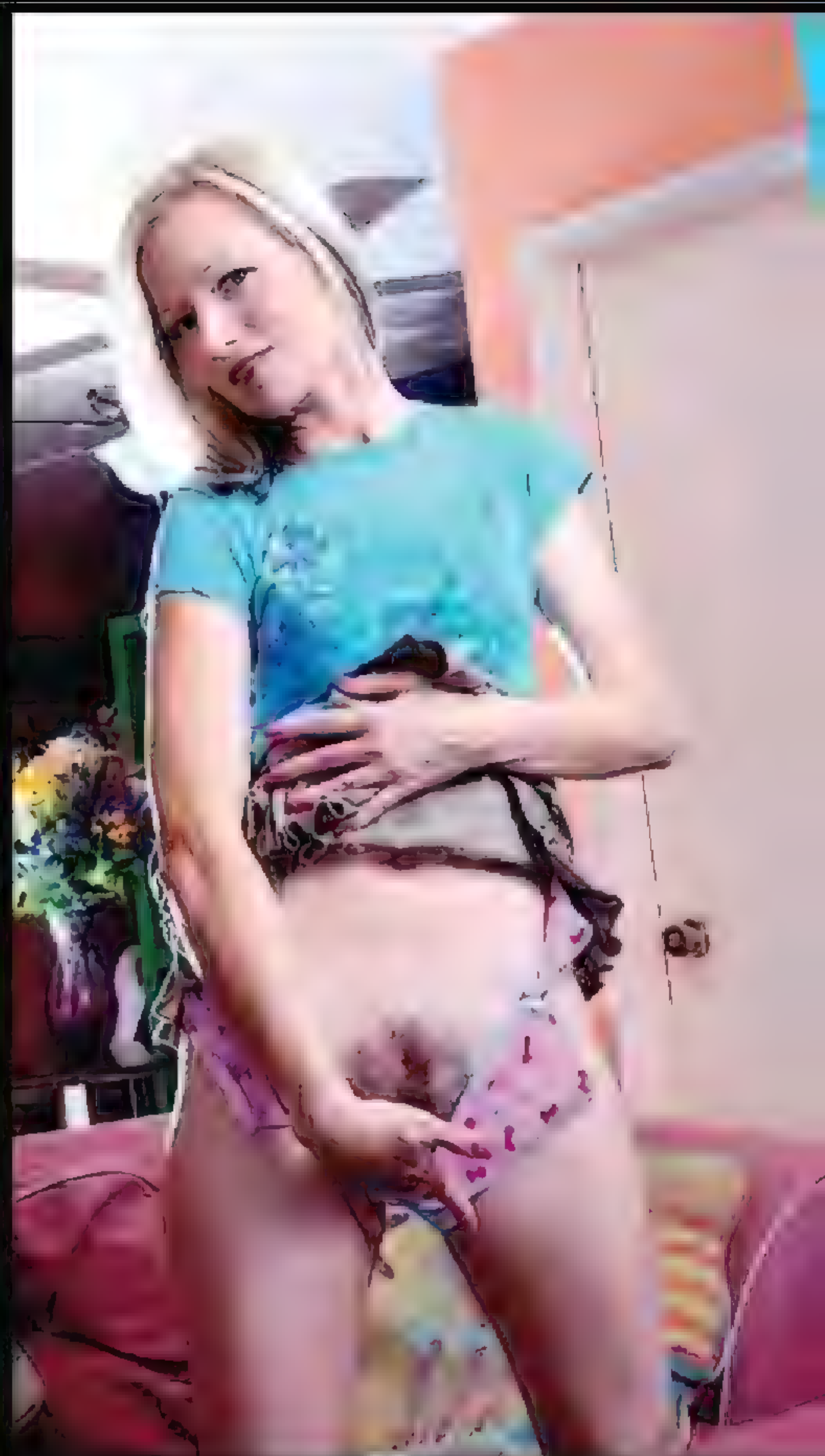


This tried and true sex-pot is worth the effort, and definitely worth a call.

800-495-7466







On the surface, Heidi seems like any normal middle-aged woman, fond of tending her azaleas, baking cookies for her 2 grandkids, and a doting owner of a giant cat named Jeeves. Few people know the real Heidi - a few very lucky people, we might add. She'd never been one to talk much about sex; she'd always believed more in actions than in words. It didn't take much to talk like a slut, the real effort came in truly acting like one. Fellows, meet the real Heidi.



Unlike some women, Heidi had always been very picky with whom she allowed into her bed. In fact, as rare as it seems, while her husband was still alive, he was the only fortunate enough to find his place between her thighs.









Once he was gone, however, things opened up for Heidi. It's not that she'd missed having sex with others; she just hadn't felt the need. Now, however, she needed people who would tend to her needs.



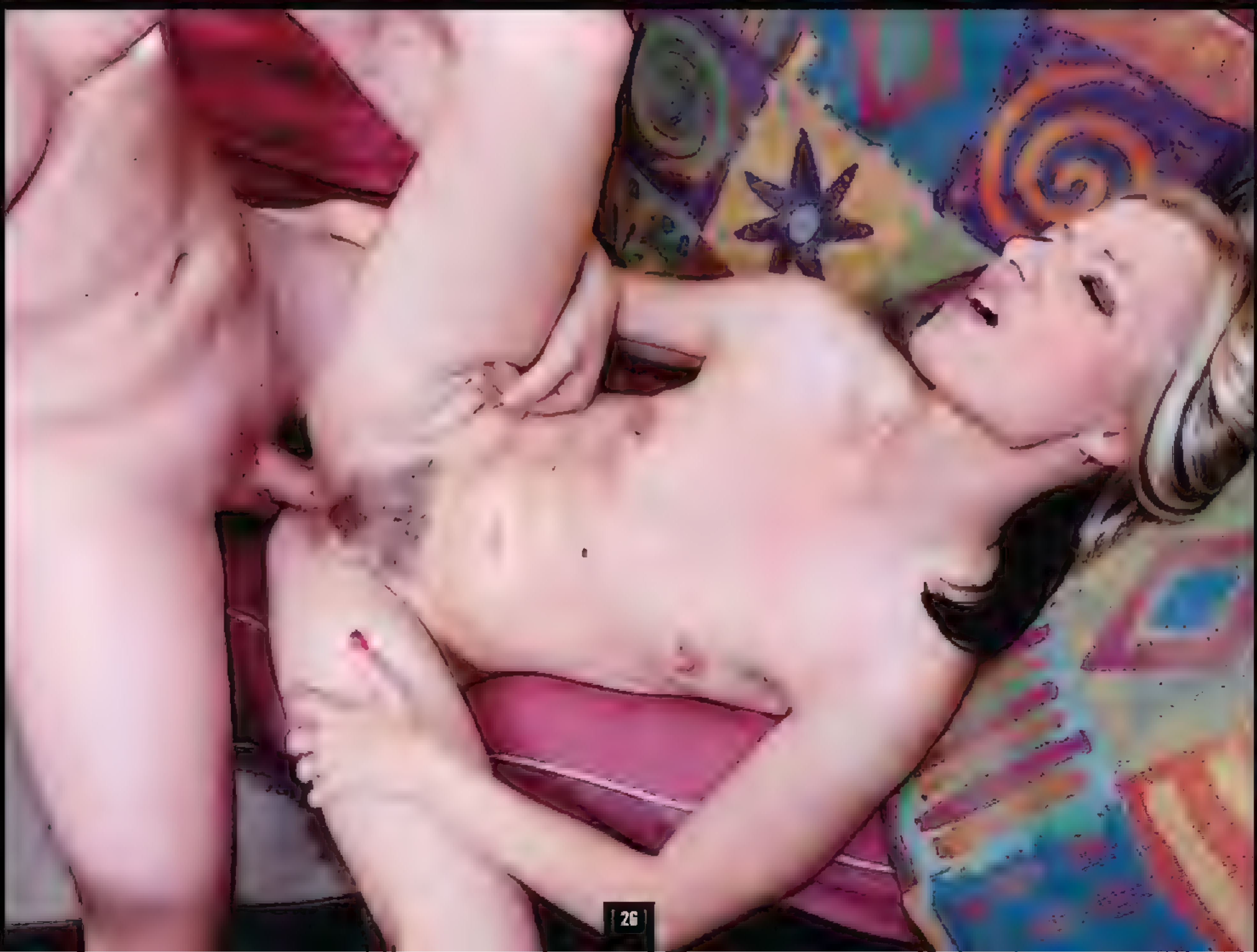
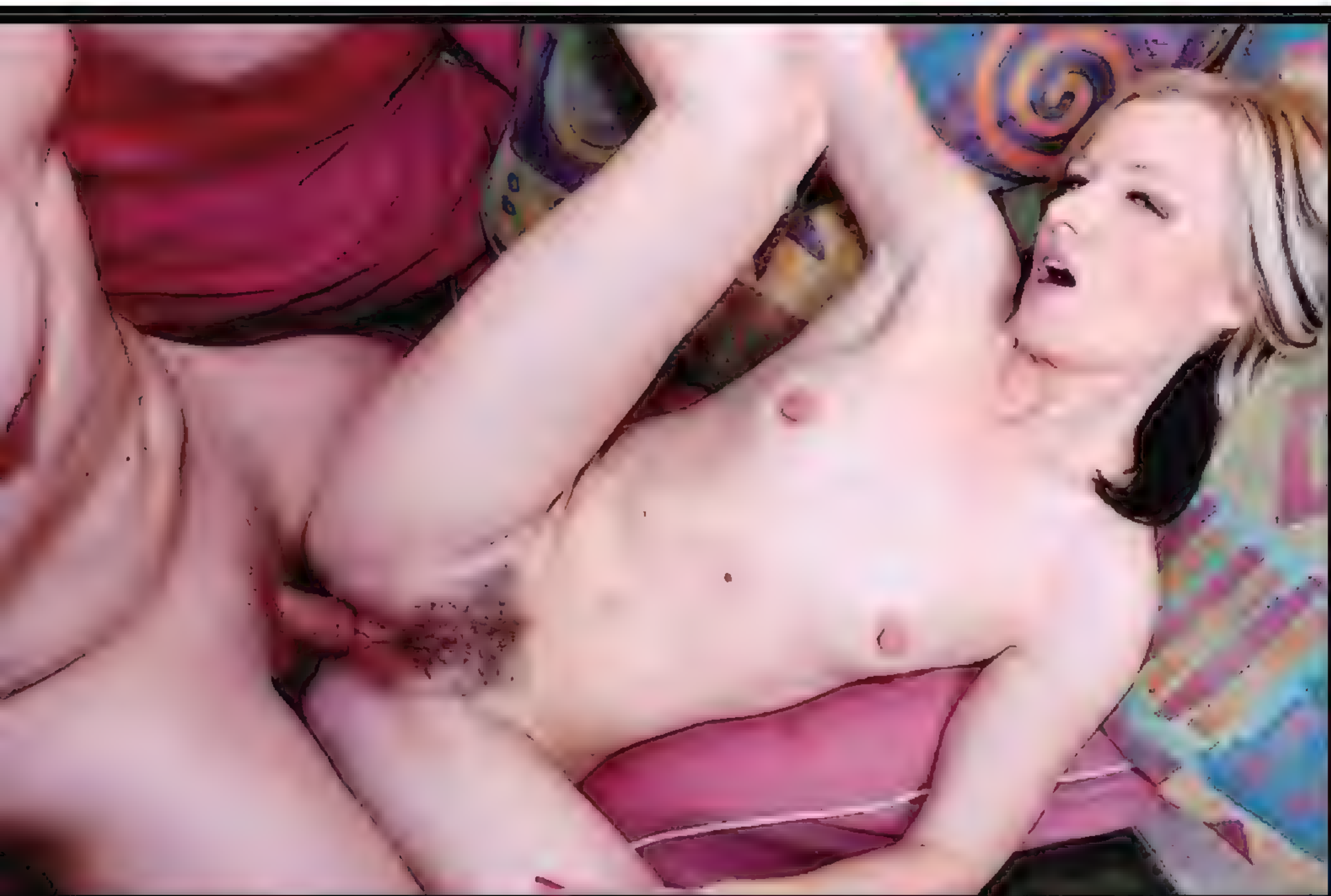
It's a lot more difficult to keep the same man interested in you for over 20 years, rather than a steady stream of short-term and one-night screws, and Heidi has developed some pretty fantastic skills to keep her man happy.





But before a guy even gets this far with her,
he's got to convince her that he'll be worth
her time. Lazy lovers need not apply.





So, if you'd like some firsthand experience with Heidi's selective talents, and if you've got the mojo to pull it off, do give her a call.

800-495-7588

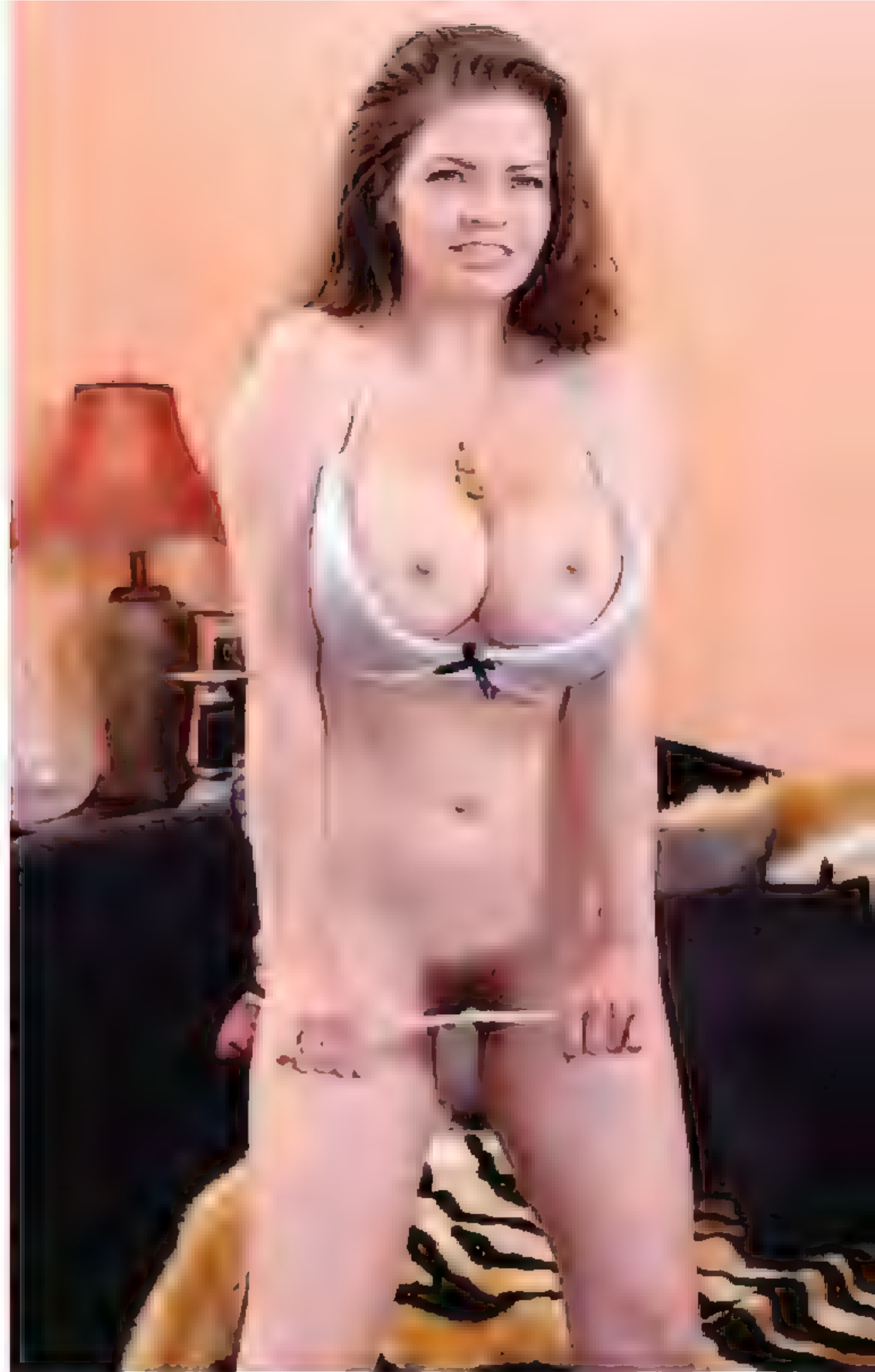


A woman with long, wavy brown hair is the central figure. She is wearing a top with a bold, abstract pattern in shades of blue, yellow, and white. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight, confident smile. The background is a soft, out-of-focus peach or light orange color.

June

Younger isn't Always Better

June is one of those infectious people you just can't help but like. Especially if you're a man. Or a woman who likes women. She is one of the least pretentious people you'll ever meet, and always gives people the benefit of the doubt. Unfortunately, she'd given her ex-husband the benefit of the doubt for about 15 years too long. When she found out he'd been cheating on her with a 25 year-old, she was devastated. But unlike some women in her situation, she didn't retaliate, or seek revenge. She knew that wouldn't get her anywhere.





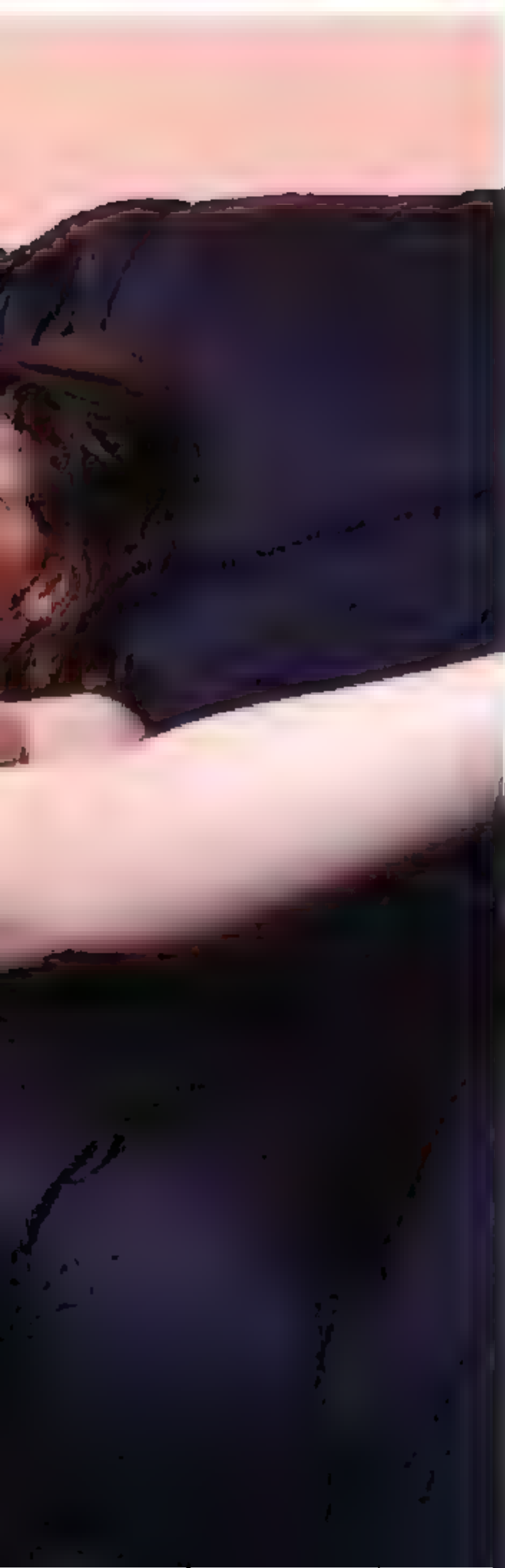
Instead, she cried for a few days, then moved on with her life. He'd already wasted enough of her time, she wasn't about to let him waste a minute more.





It had been so long since she was single, it took her a while to realize she was now free to do whatever she wanted with whomever she wanted.










She did feel that she had a certain something to prove to herself. Having been replaced by someone half her age, she wanted to know that, to men, she was still a hot, desirable woman.







What she ended up realizing was that she could give any sexy girl a run for her money, especially where it really counts.



Now, she's got her head on straight and ready to embrace life to the fullest - and in the process, have as much fun as possible. This is a woman you've just got to meet.

800-347-8928





If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

My wife lets me have the basement of our house all to myself. And off a locked door in the furnace room, is my real man-cave, where I'm in total charge.

"How's it hanging, Ginger?" I joked, slipping inside the room and looking at the busty redhead trussed up to the overhead rail.

She was completely naked, her arms pulled up over her head by leather cuffs at the wrists secured to a heavy-duty steel chain that ran up and through the iron railing embedded in the ceiling. I could pull the chain tighter, or loosen it, raise the woman higher or lower on her painted toes.

Long, red hair cascaded down her upraised shoulders, shone under the glare of the single overhead bulb, her lush, curvy body blazing creamy-white, large, pink-nippled breasts dangling down off her heaving chest. The ginger fur of her pussy glinted.

I unhooked the end of the chain from a bracket in the wall and gave it yank when she didn't respond, pulling her almost right up off the ground, her arms jerking taut. She gasped, her stretched body trembling.

The room wasn't much bigger than a walk-in closet, the cement floor carpeted, cement walls corkboarded. No one could hear a sound outside.

I hooked the chain back into the bracket and stripped off my clothes. Ginger watched me, mascara streak-



MAN-CAVE

ing her cheeks, her blue eyes gleaming. When I was as naked as she was, I stepped up and slapped her tits. She twisted and moaned. I smacked her left breast, leaving a red mark behind on the soft, plush, pale flesh. I jolted her right tit with my left hand, the crack of skin against skin filling the heated room. Juices ran down Ginger's shivering thighs.

"Feeding time," I said, unhooking

the chain again, letting it run slack this time. Ginger sagged to her knees, at my hard, jutting cock.

I gripped my dick with my free hand and slapped her face with it. My shaft thudded against her cheek, hood skimming across her lips. Her face reddened even more.

I dick-slapped her the other way. Then I shot my hood into her gaping mouth and stuffed four inches of shaft home. She gagged, snot bubbling out of her nose, her body jerking. She bit down on my prick.

"Bitch!" I yelled, whipping my cock out of her mouth.

I wrapped a ball-gag around her head and fastened it tight. Her thick, red lips squirmed against the shiny orange ball, her nostrils and cheeks billowing. I shoved my hairy sack up against her nose, cutting off her air, teaching her a valuable lesson about fighting back.

When I finally pulled my pouch away from her face, her eyes were soft and compliant, her body limp. I jerked hard on the chain, shooting her up taut again, onto her tip-toes. That's how I left her, strung up, stretched full-length, as I walked in behind the woman.

Ginger's buttocks were swollen mounds of thick, rich, milky flesh. I smacked her right cheek with an open hand, her left with my other hand. Her body quivered, buttocks rippling, toes scrambling at the carpet. I flattened my hand into a lethal blade and slashed it across both her cheeks at once. The ball-gag caught most of her scream.

The leather strap was lying on the floor. It was the kind principal's used to use on misbehaving students, a foot-long, inch-wide, quarter-inch-thick strip of hardened leather. I picked it up, touched the tip against Ginger's reddened bottom. She full-body shuddered, knowing. I cracked the strap across her rump.

Reaching around and clutching a tit, holding her steady, I whacked the woman's ass again and again and again, savagely spanking her. Red strips flared hot on her trembling cheeks, faded, ridged angry white, as I brutally beat her, whaled her ass.

Only when her bum was well and truly blistered, did I drop the strap and grab onto my cock, slot the iron-hard length into Ginger's burning butt cleavage. My cock throbbed



in the heated valley. I grasped both of her huge tits from behind and pumped my dong back and forth along her crack.

She whimpered. I grunted. Too soon, pre-cum boiled out of my slit, and I had to pull my cock out of the woman's ass cleavage.

I paused only for a moment to lube my straining erection. Then I rammed my cap in between Ginger's battered cheeks and plowed up against her sensitive pucker. She jumped, then relaxed her butt muscles, and I drove my cock right through her ring and deep into her ass.

I fucked her chute in a frenzy, pounding into her ass tunnel from behind, gripping her tits and viciously twisting her nipples. The cuffs on her wrists squeaked, the chain creaking overhead. I breathed

hot and heavy into her burning red ear, my thighs cracking her ass, cock pistoning anus.

And just before I jerked, jetted sizzling semen up Ginger's ass, I dropped a hand off a tit and down to her clit and violently rubbed. She vibrated, butt clamping down on my shooting cock, orgasm exploding through her body like mine, scorching the both of us.

I helped her sneak up the stairs and out the backdoor.

The basement is my territory, but my wife patrols the rest of the house like she owns it.

- Josh Canton



Raquel

Taking it Out of Town

Raquel had never been able to keep her legs closed. Thankfully, her husband was oblivious of her exploits, because the poor man would have been crushed. She didn't do it to be malevolent; it just seemed that the "say no" part of her brain had been disconnected, and she was helpless when it came to controlling her lusts. Throughout the years, she'd been seduced by many a man, many of them with families of their own, which helped keep her exploits from becoming public knowledge.



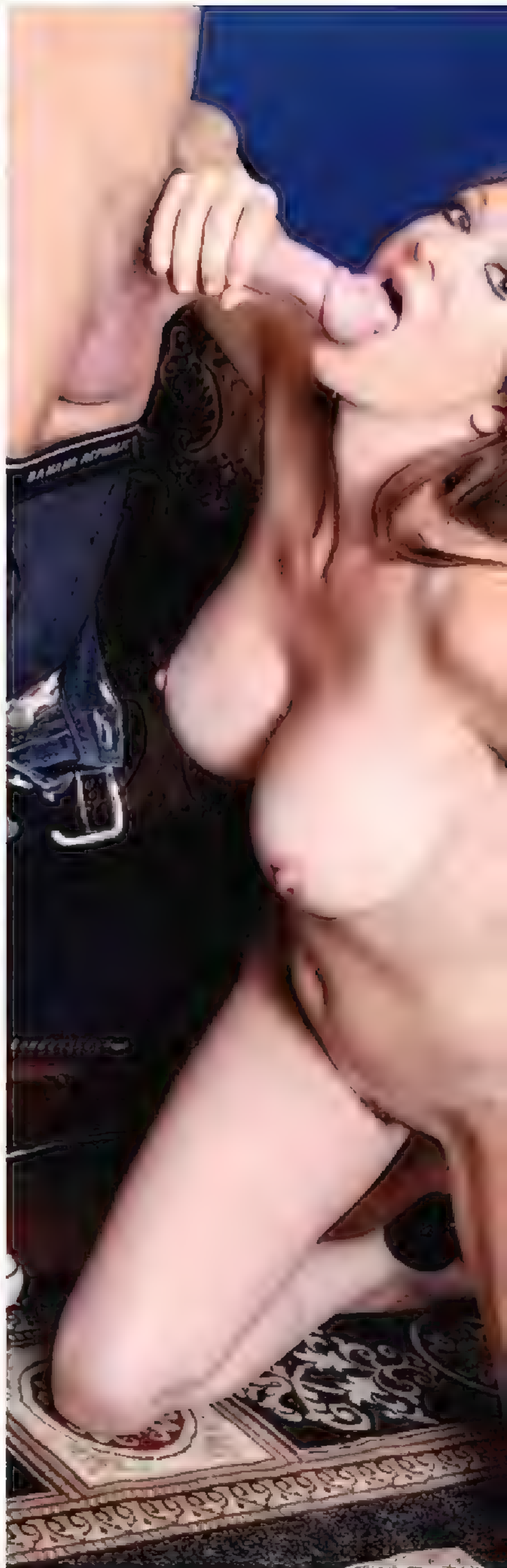
But things can only be kept secret for so long, and Raquel's started worrying that she's floating on borrowed time.







This is where her vacations come into play. She figures, as long as she can find an excuse to get out of town, at least a few times a year, she can manage to be good when she's home.





Her husband doesn't question her trips, as she has developed a very convincing system of excuses. But as soon as she's gone, there's nothing excusable about what she gets up to.



While away, she can be herself
without worrying who will see
her. She can be as brazen as she
wants, as unabashedly shameless
as she desires.







A woman who goes to this much effort for some anonymous nookie definitely isn't doing anything in small measures. She isn't going to waste a single moment or a single hour.





These experiences will keep her going until her next opportunity. Little does her husband know that when she's fucking him the only way she can get off is by recalling some of her steamy trysts.



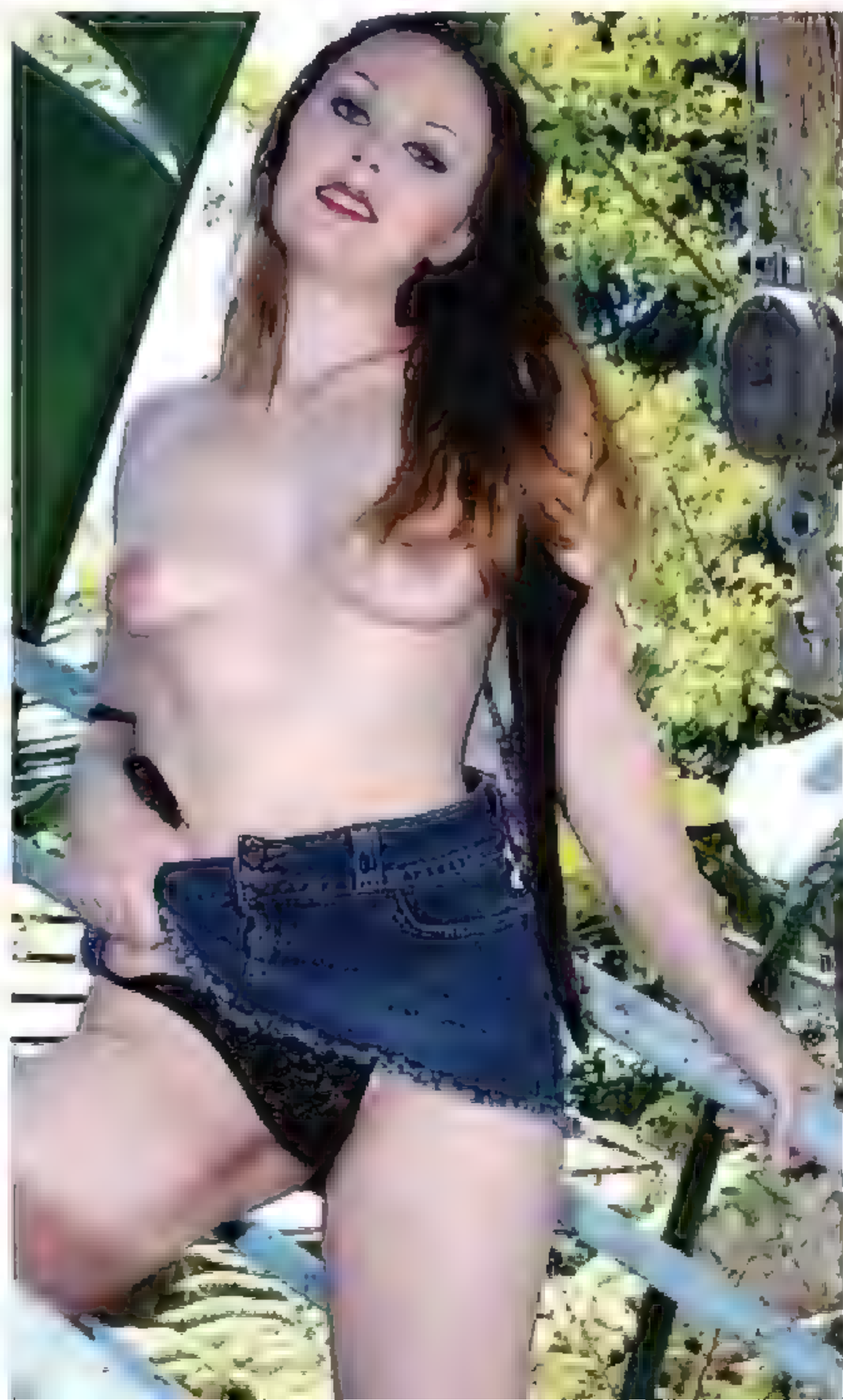




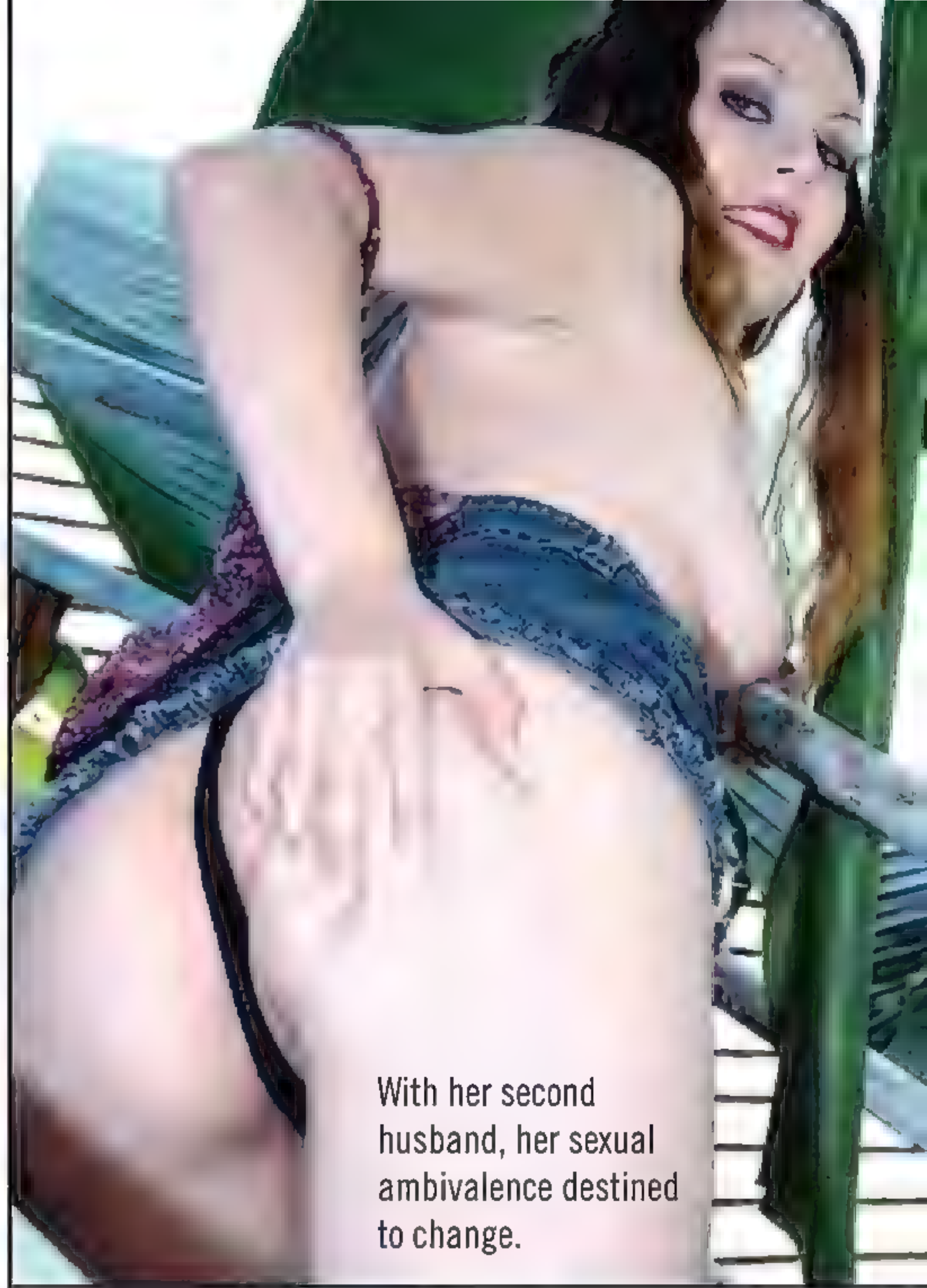


Who knows - if you ask nice, Raquel might visit you next, for an experience you'll never forget.

888-664-5347



Julia hadn't always been sexually confident. She'd never felt that she was pretty enough, or curvy enough, to be sexy. Pin-ups were sexy; flat-chested girls from Iowa were not. This lack of confidence extended through her first marriage. Her husband was one of those guys who believed in doing his business, then rolling off and going to sleep. As long as he got-off, his work was done. In fact, the entire time she was married to him, she never once had an orgasm.



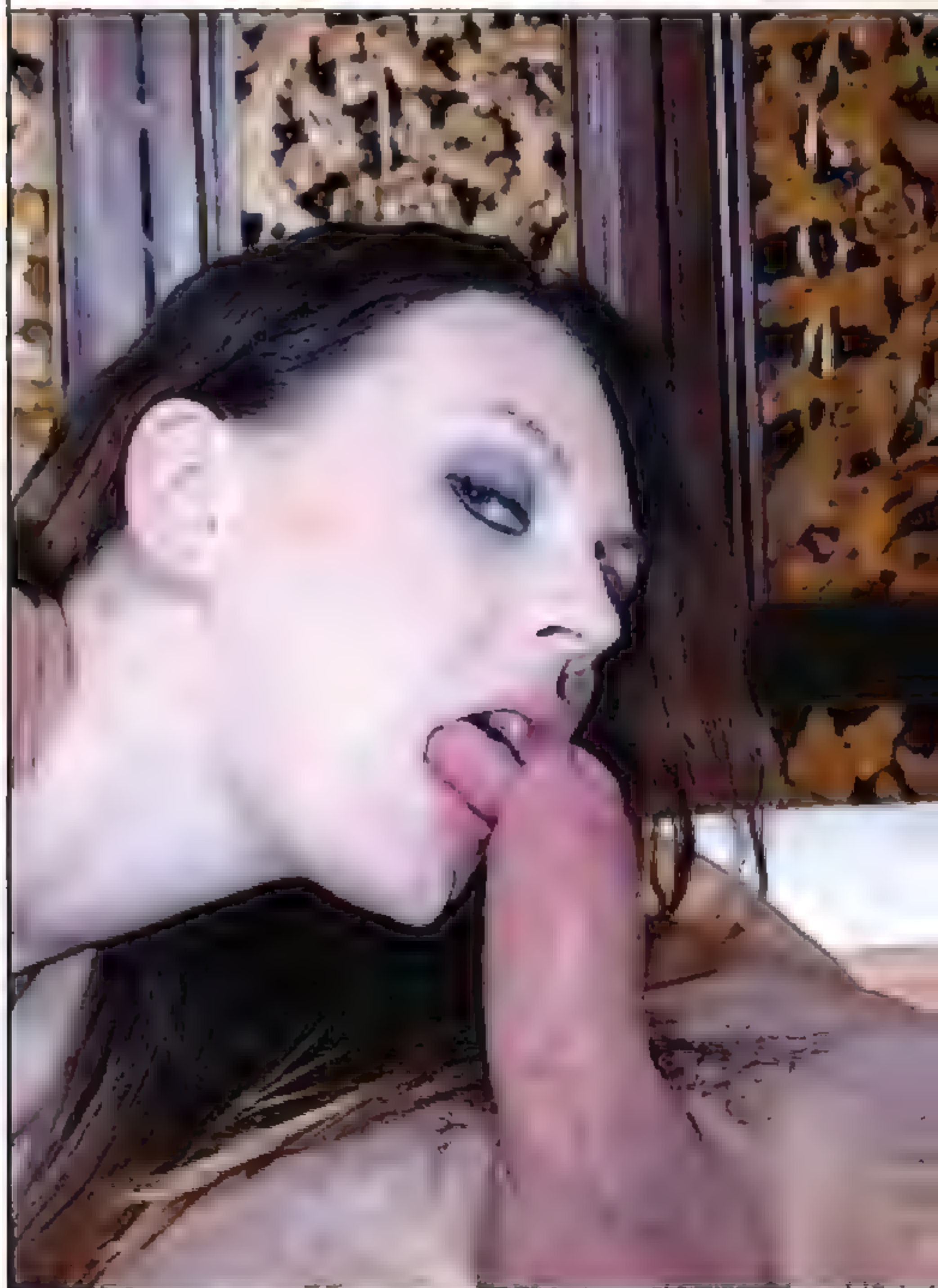
With her second husband, her sexual ambivalence destined to change.

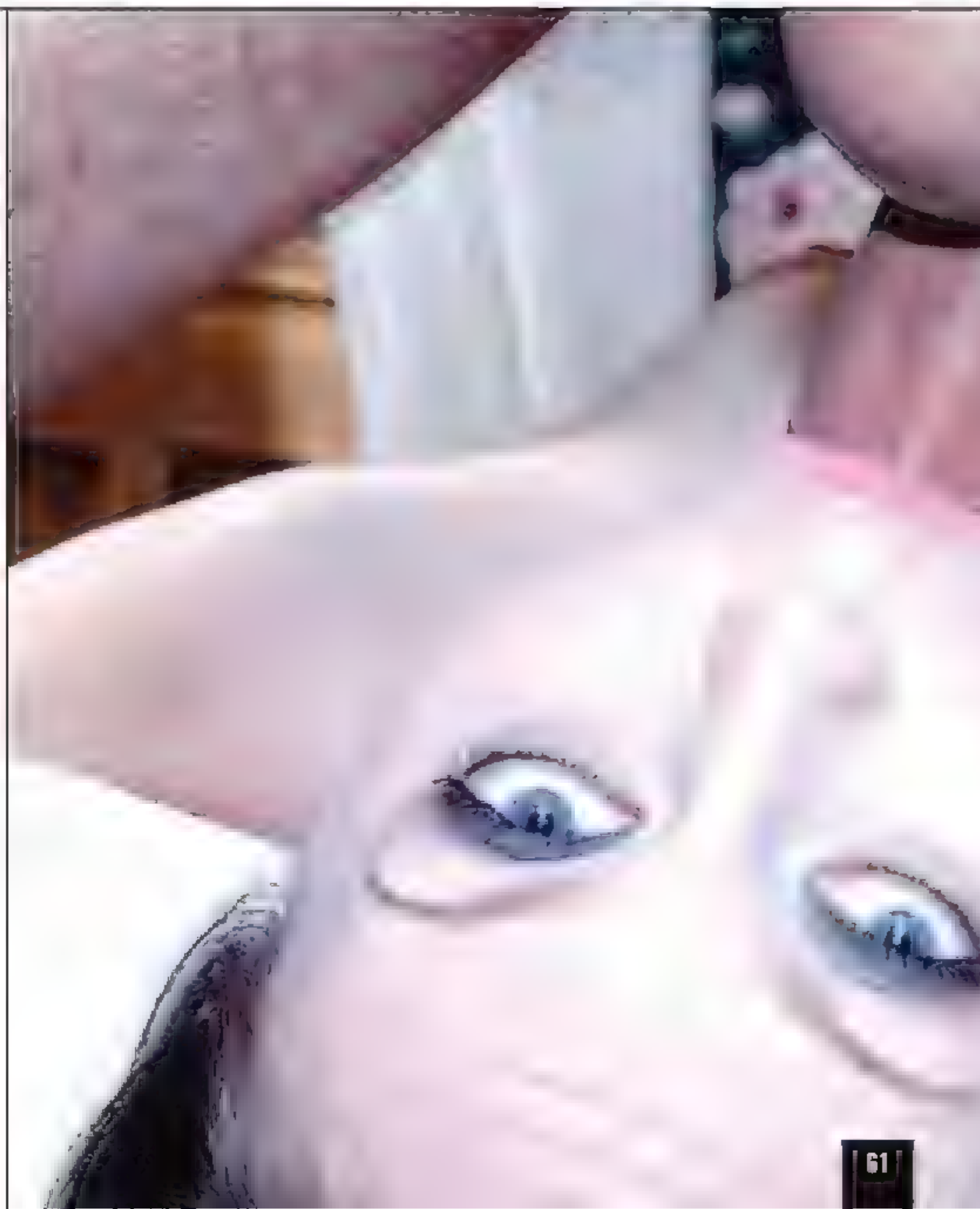
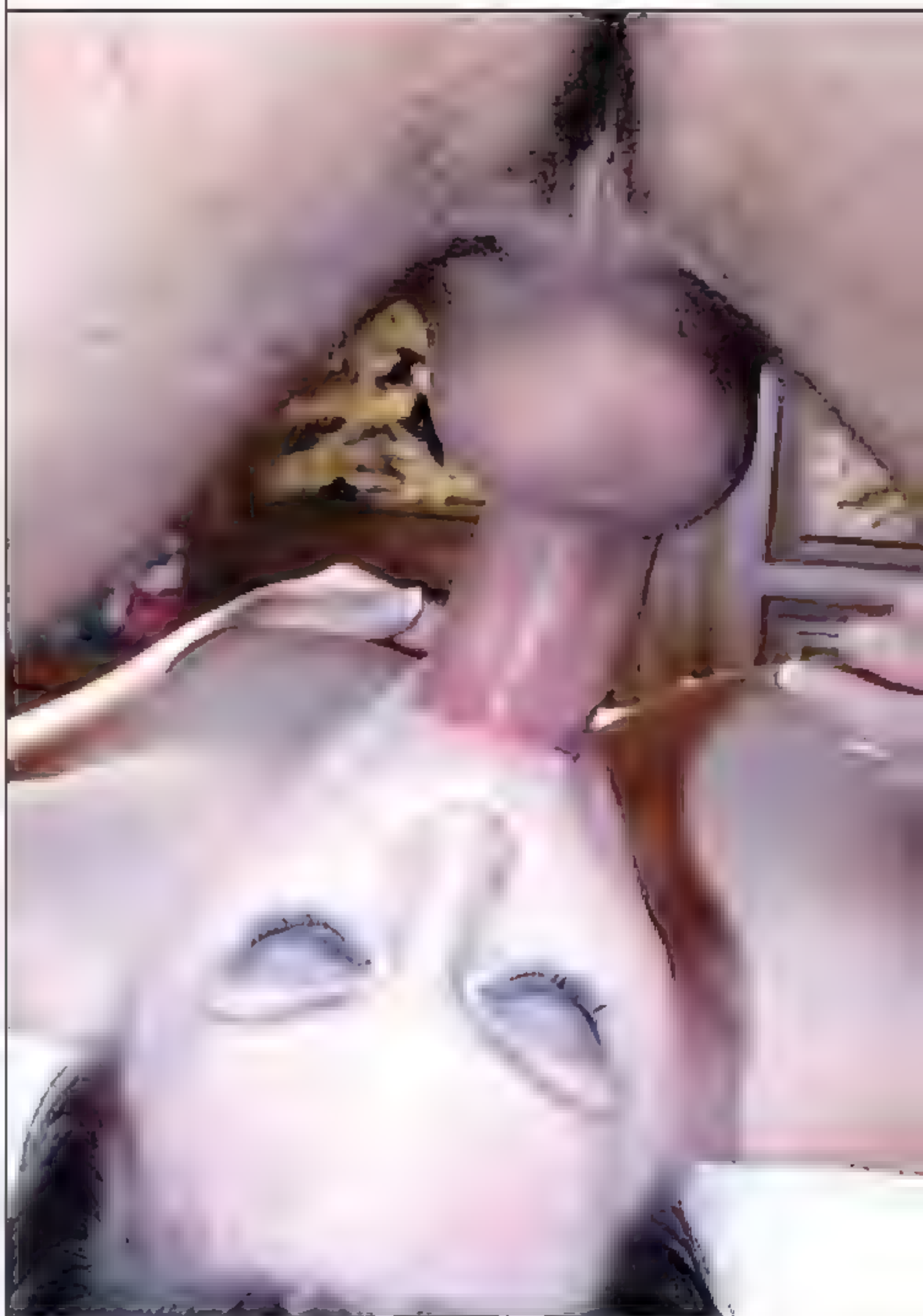


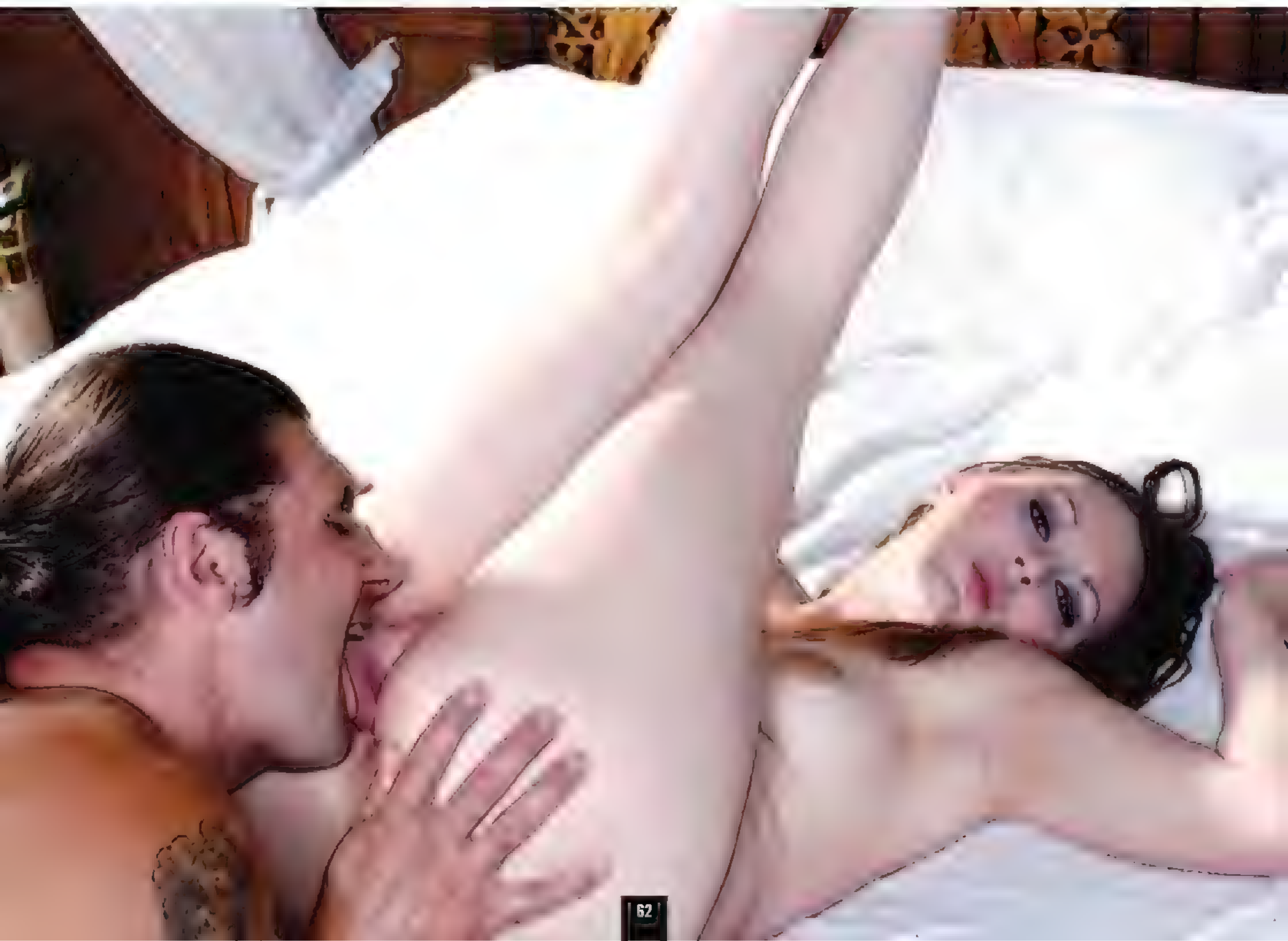


He saw something in her that even she couldn't see. He saw she had the drive, she just had to be convinced of it. He gave her her first cum, and at that point, something snapped inside of her.



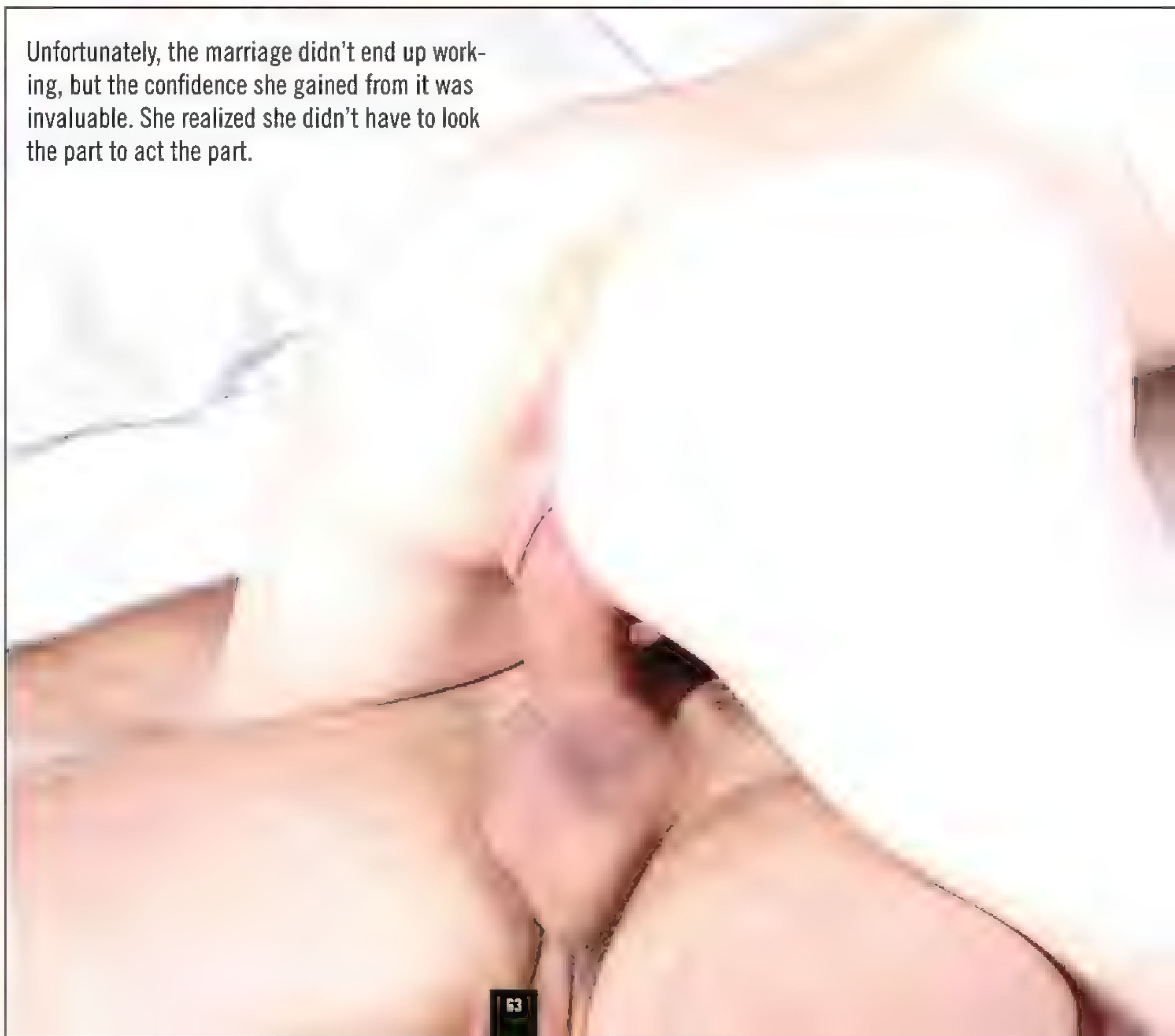


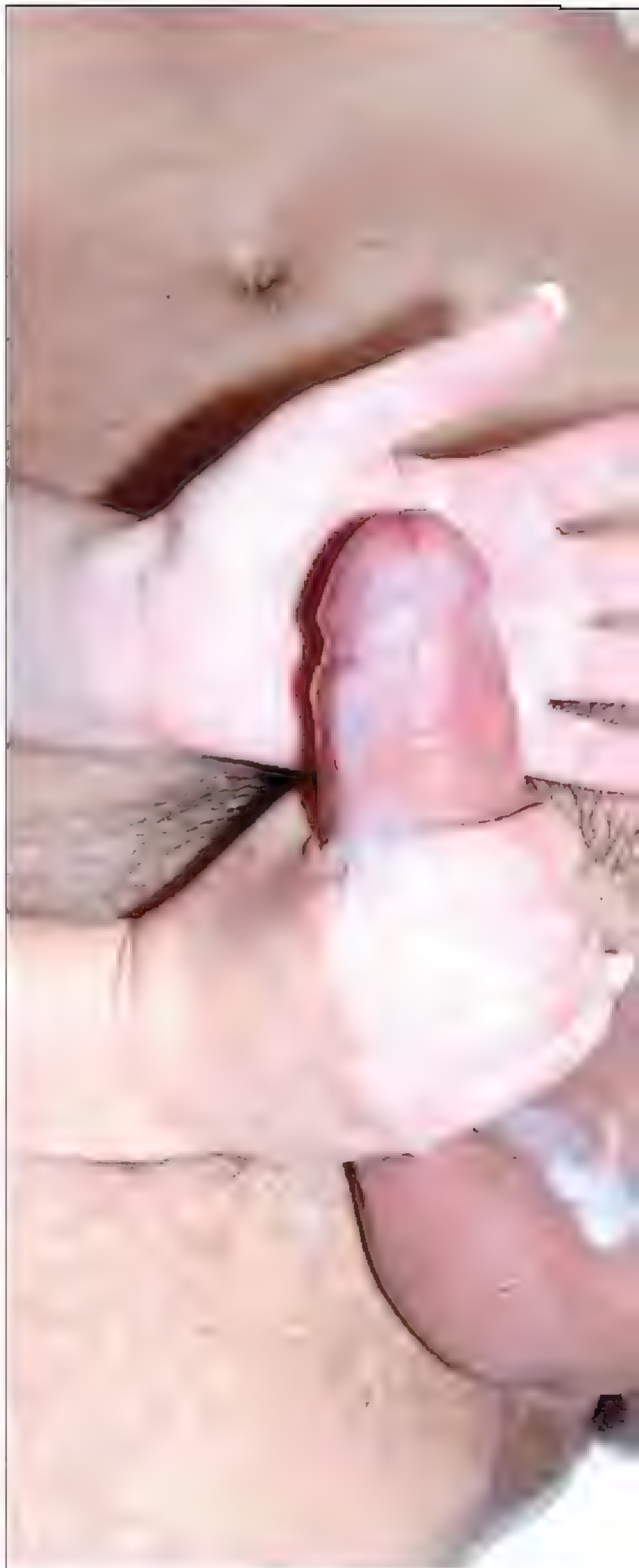






Unfortunately, the marriage didn't end up working, but the confidence she gained from it was invaluable. She realized she didn't have to look the part to act the part.







Julia knows she's still got a lot to experience, as well as a lot to learn, but for the rewards, she's willing to put in the time. Are you?

888-666-5652



From Cailey's very first sexual experience, she was hooked. She wanted to try everything, in every way, with anyone. She even planned her career around her excessive drive, pushing long-necks at a raunchy roadhouse, so she had a constant supply of randy men, willing to help her get her sexual fix. She couldn't even count the number of people she'd bedded, and though over the years, men had fallen in love with her - or, more likely her pussy - she'd never labored under romantic misconceptions. She had no use for relationships - they cramped her style, and settling down was the last thing on her mind.







When it came to getting down, there were very few places Cailey hadn't done it. She'd seen more than her fair share of bathroom stalls and alleyways. Just as long as she got it in, the where didn't matter.



She loved nothing better than to feel a strange
dick inside her in the dirtiest of settings.




She especially liked to be taken from the rear, and really shown what's what. It made her feel good and dirty.









In true slut style, Cailey didn't care that she had a reputation of being a tramp. In her world, that is the highest form of praise.





After all, there's nothing worse than being
a prude, with an unused cunt.





For a real good time, give Cailey a call.

888-673-2863



Kylie

Driven to Succeed

Kylie had grown up poor, and had always promised herself that she'd do whatever it takes to change that. She knew she could either go about this the easy way, or the hard way. She decided on the hard way. So, she worked hard to get good grades in high school, got a scholarship for college, and graduated at the head of her class. She was unstoppable and untiring; her drive was obvious, and she quickly rose through the corporate hierarchy.



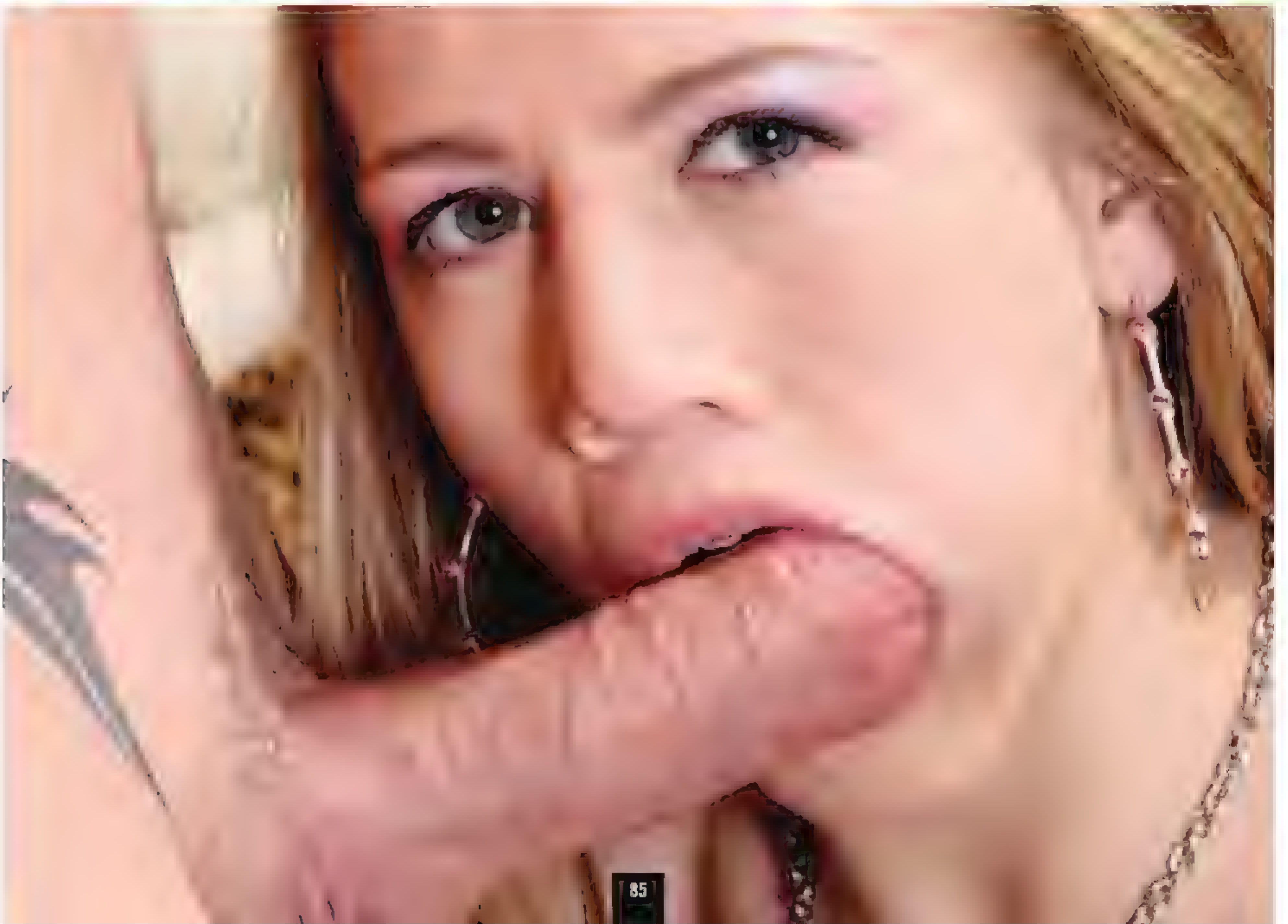




True success takes effort though, and Kylie found herself putting in 80 and 90-hour weeks. True, her assets were growing, but her personal life was non-existent.

One day, she realized she was on the other side of the hill, with very little to show for it - if you didn't count the 6-digit salary, that is. What she needed was a bit of re-prioritization. - a little less work, a little more play.







By this time, she'd more than earned some time off, so she took it and used it to go a little crazy and blow off years' worth of steam.



She was successful in business, and now she had to learn to translate that success to her bedroom. As with everything else in her life, she attacked the challenge with all of her energy.









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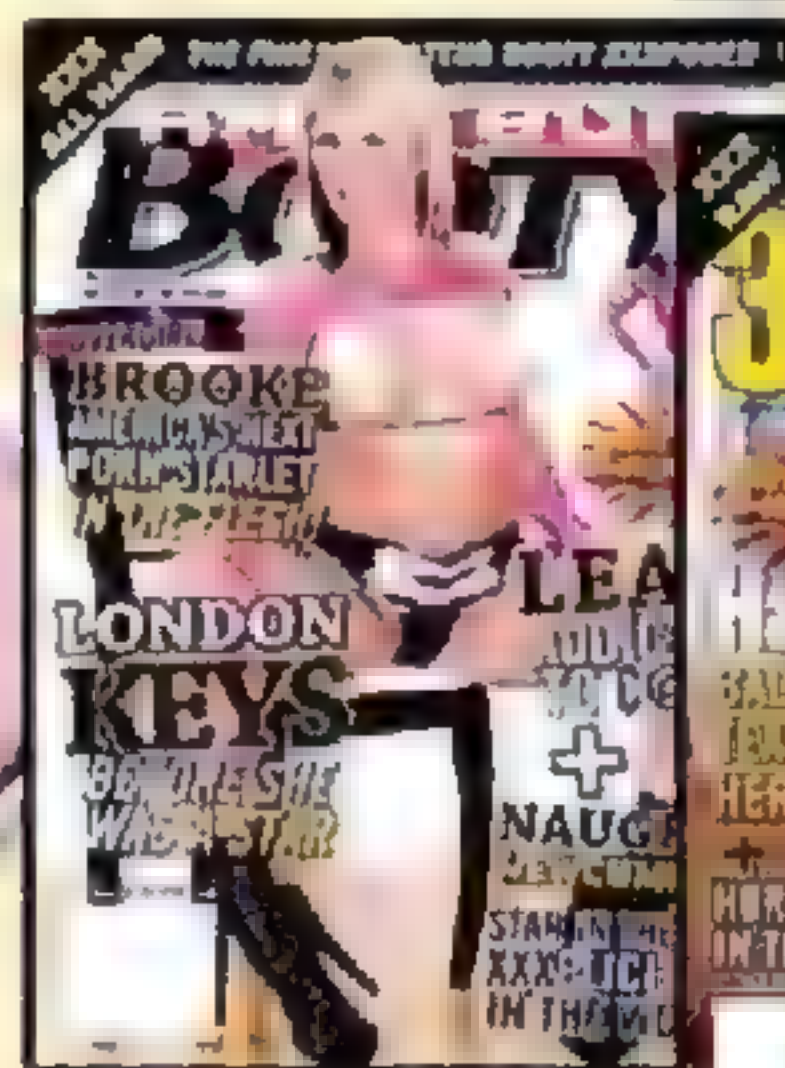
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HONEY TRAP

It was super excited when I heard I'd be sharing a room with Tricia on our road trip. There was just something about the tall, willowy brunette that made me weak in the knees, my throat dry up and my hands get all clammy, right from the beginning when she'd first shown up for the tennis team tryouts.

She'd stepped out onto the college indoor court, her long legs pouring out of a short white skirt, her pointed nipples just about busting right through a tight white top, brown hair shining in a ponytail and violet eyes flashing, and I'd been love-struck. I forgot all about boys and focused all my attention on Tricia.

So, when I opened our hotel room door on the second day of the road trip, and saw her lying asleep on her bed almost totally naked, I just had to do something about it. The naughty opportunity just presented itself, and I was so wicked horny after two days up-close with the girl that I wanted to scream – had screamed in the locker room washrooms, when no one was around, rubbing myself to delirious orgasm thinking about beautiful Tricia.

I'd been the perfect young lady the first day and night, making love to tall, tanned Tricia only with my eyes and mind. We'd played our matches, eaten our meals, mingled with the other girls on the other teams, and gone to bed early.

But this was too much – Tricia stretched out right before me, her top rolled up over her breasts and her skirt pulled up over her pussy. I bit my lip, breathing hard, staring at the sleeping girl. Her nipples were a darker brown than the

rest of her skin, her pussy neatly trimmed along the sides and at the top. It was three in the afternoon, and the sun streaming in through the window bathed her body in a golden light.

Tricia's left hand lay on one of her breasts, her right hand on her thigh, next to her pussy. It sure looked like I'd caught the gorgeous girl napping right after masturbating. A thrill ran through me. She looked so soft and sexy, her hair fanned out on the pillow, eyes closed. I licked my lips, staring, scheming.

I pulled off my tennis shoes and set my racquet down on the floor. And then I promptly tripped over the racquet and shoes, letting out a bleat of distress and landing full-length on top of Tricia.

Her eyes popped open on impact and she stared into my face, only inches away. "Whoops, sorry," I breathed into her face. "I guess I tripped over all the junk on the floor."

She wetted her glossy lips with the tip of her neon-pink tongue, and smiled. Her warm breath flooded my face, her warm body beneath mine flooding my pussy. Our taut breasts pressed together, our bare thighs burning against one another.

It was more than I could take. So I pressed my advantage, pushing my head down and kissing my team-mate on the lips.

Tricia's eyes went wide. I kissed her again. My game plan was clear, my lust out in the open. The ball was in her court. I stuck out my tongue – and Tricia brushed the tip of it with her soft, wet tongue. Ace!

Our tongues danced together. I tin-

gled all over, feeling the beautiful girl grow even warmer underneath me. I grabbed her head and ran my trembling fingers through her silky hair. She wrapped me in her arms, squeezing me tight. Our mouths sealed together, deep-kissing one another.

I'd never been with a girl before, wasn't sure how to make love to one. But I knew what I liked. So I did it to Tricia.

Breaking away from her mouth, I slid down her body a bit and grasped her bare tits. She moaned, arching upwards. Her breasts were firm and hot. I squeezed them, popping her jutting nipples up even higher, right into my mouth. I sucked on one rubbery

pressed my pantied pussy against Tricia's bare cun.

We both gasped, each of us so wet we were dripping. I pumped my hips, grinding my pussy into Tricia's. She gripped my butt cheeks and dug her nails into my bum, urging me on. We kissed, frenched, our bodies urgently moving together, pussies rubbing and rubbing.

I thought I'd explode, the wet-velvet friction sooo intense.

I did explode, moaning into Tricia's mouth and going off in her arms, surging with orgasm.

She came right along with me, our pussies and bodies melting to-



bud, sucked on her other nipple, gazing into her shining eyes.

"Ohmigod, that feels so good!" she murmured, clutching at my long, dark hair, watching me suck her tits.

But I could only make love to her breasts for so long, because my pussy was absolutely molten. I was so turned-on by the situation I just couldn't control myself. I clawed up my own tennis skirt and

gether. It was the most exquisite series of orgasms I'd ever experienced. Same with Tricia.

When she cuddled me in her arms afterwards, she admitted that she'd had feelings for me all along, too. In fact, she'd deliberately sprawled out half-naked on her bed and pretended to be asleep, hoping I'd fall into her honey trap. Game, set and match!

-Carly Morton'

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